

MURDER no CRIME.

A N E W

COMIC BALLAD.

To the Tune of, A Cobler there was, &c.

SAYS Sawney to Duncan from Glenlyon I come,
And ever was fond of the beat of a drum:
A commission I want, pray grant me my suit?
For I am a friend to the famous laird B---.
Derry down, &c.

What service, said Duncan, have you done the nation
To claim from the king to distinguish'd a station?
Said Sawney, my grandfire commanded the clan,
That at Glencoe destroy'd all the males to a man.
Derry down, &c.

My father at Culloden bravely did die,
My brother was forc'd from duke William to fly,
Enough reply'd Duncan, I'll e'en to his grace,
Such men as yourself sir, shall ne'er want a place.
Derry down, &c.

A commission I'll get you, be true to our cause,
Unguided by honour, ungovern'd by laws;
The commission was got, and Sawney sent down
To command some marines, in a large sea port town,
Derry down, &c.

Possess'd of his wish, and grown proud by success,
He resolv'd all his troops in revenge to oppress—
For the loss of his father, at Culloden shot,
A cowardly rebel, his name I've forgot.
Derry down, &c.

To show to the English his hate and aversion;
He condemn'd a marine for the crime of desertion,
The warrant at length for his death did come down,
And a pardon procured by a friend from the crown,
Derry down, &c.

But Sawney resolv'd that the man should not live,
So publish'd the warrant, and kept the reprieve;
The orders were given, the soldiers array'd,
The platoon was prepar'd, and the warrant display'd.
Derry down, &c.

Friend Sawney determin'd to make sure his fate,
So examin'd the muskets for fear of mistake;
The poor soldier cry'd out, is there then no reprieve?
There's not sir, said Sawney, if my word you'll believe.
Derry down, &c.

The signal was given, the soldier was shot,
When Sawney cry'd out, my good God I'd forgot!
The man sir is pardon'd, behold his reprieve,
It now comes too late, for he's dead I believe.
Derry down, &c.

The people began for to murmur and swear,
While Sawney walk'd up with a resolute air;
And order'd the troops to march singly by,
And examine the corps where it bleeding did lie.
Derry down, &c.

Then instant jump'd into a postchaise with speed,
Elated with pride that his plots did succeed,
To London he drove, and to Duncan he went,
Protesting he was of the crime innocent.
Derry down, &c.

His pardon he had, and rewarded to boot,
With a better commission by his friend my laird B---,
Escap'd from a crime to detested and base,
He resolv'd on another, which near in its place.
Derry down, &c.

A sergeant by friends his discharge did obtain,
But Sawney determin'd to have him again,
So wrote to the town where the man had retir'd,
And as a deserter to send him desir'd.
Derry down, &c.

The demand was comply'd with, the sergeant sent
Like a thief, or a felon, both handcuff'd and bound,
To a dungeon committed without e'er a bed,
For full thirty days liv'd on water and bread.
Derry down, &c.

The sergeant sent several petitions to town,
At length to his joy, his discharge was sent down,
Since the heads of the n— permits crimes like these,
All men for the future will act as they please.
Derry down, &c.

Commit but a murder your courage they'll praise,
Be prone out to vice and your fortune they'll raise,
My ditty I finish with pleasure I sing,
Confusion to Sawney, and God save the king.
Derry down, &c.